

## Some Sources of Masfield

THIS is a book of prose sketches by John Masfield that has long been out of print. The book is worth preserving because there is so much of Masfield in it—the source material of much of his later work, incidents of the sea and sailing ships and sailors and songs—perhaps especially songs.

For men at sea, as Masfield says, are back in medieval days, when there was no newspaper, no music hall, no movie, and so to beguile the time they sang and told tales. He tells of one old sailor who refused to criticize the faulty seamanship of a mate on the ground that he "sings pretty good." He tells of a sailor sent to coventry for the whole homeward journey because he refused to subscribe to the joint purchase of an accordion and of another young seaman getting "a bloody coxcomb" for rising from his place while a song was being sung. Now, Masfield says, the music hall "has sent its lyrics afloat"; but he tells of the days when *Spanish Ladies*, *Bunclody*, *The Tide Is Flowing* and *The Sailors' Wives* were favorites and when *Rolling Home* was the chantey of chanteys. In the piece called *The Cape Horn Calm*, a most effective bit of description of the coxcomb-making in the night watch, Masfield says:

"Then, as one mixed, one would hear the bells struck. Ting, ting. Ting, ting. Five bells—one hour and a half before the watch would end. One would hear old men of the sea, the old sailors, as they shambled along to and fro, biting on pipe stems, yarning about ships that were long ago bilged on the coral. One would hear scraps of songs, little

stray verses, set to old beautiful tunes. There was one old man who had no better voice than a donkey. He was forever walking the deck when I brewed the cocoa, singing *Rolling Home*, the most popular of all sailor songs. I think I would rather have written *Rolling Home* than *Hydrotophia*. If I had written *Rolling Home* I would pass my days at sea or in the West Coast nitrate ports hearkening to the roar of it as the yards go jolting up the mast or the anchor comes to the bows."

Some of the sketches are reminiscent of Masfield's American experience. There is mention of the Palisades, Yonkers and the Sixth Avenue Saloon. A *Raines Law Arrest* should have at least an antiquarian interest for New Yorkers. On Sunday we read, "it was a curious sight, that silent bar, with its nervous ministrants filling glasses for the greatly venturesome."

A *Tar Paulin Muster* contains twenty-four of these stories, mostly of the sea, most of them written some years ago, when Masfield himself knew what it was to be on a ship at sea "running south like a star."

N. P. D.

A *TARPAULIN MUSTER*. By JOHN MASEFIELD. Dodd, Mead & Co.

THE publishers of *Abraham Lincoln* forward the confidence from Frank McGlynn, who is playing the title part so well, that Uncle Joe Cannon gave him many of his fine points for the personation. Why not? Uncle Joe knew Lincoln—and has he not been trying faithfully to look like him for so many years?

## Books Received to January 21

### Fiction.

WHERE DEAD MEN WALK. By HENRY LEVERAGE. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.  
LEGEND. By CLEMENCE DANE. New York: The Macmillan Company.  
AN HONEST THIEF AND OTHER STORIES. By Fyodor DOSTOEVSKY. Translated by CONSTANCE GARNETT. New York: The Macmillan Company.  
THE TOLLING STONE. By C. A. DAWSON-SCOTT. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

### Social and Economic.

THE PLACE OF SCIENCE IN MODERN CIVILIZATION AND OTHER ESSAYS. By THORSTEIN VEBLIN. New York: B. W. Huebsch.  
STABILIZING THE DOLLAR. By IRVING FISHER. New York: The Macmillan Company.  
FREE TRADE, THE TARIFF AND RECIPROCITY. By F. W. TAUSIG. New York: The Macmillan Company.

### Foreign Countries.

THE PACIFIC: ITS PAST AND FUTURE. By GUY H. SCHOLEFIELD. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.  
THE SOUL OF IRELAND. By W. J. LOCKINGTON, S. J. With introduction by G. K. CHESTERTON. New York: The Macmillan Company.  
THE COSSACKS: THEIR HISTORY AND COUNTRY. By W. P. CRESSON. New York: Brentano's.  
ARMENIA AND THE ARMENIANS. By KEVORK ASLAN. Translated from the French by PIERRE CRABITE. New York: The Macmillan Company.  
RUSSIA IN THE SUMMER OF 1914. By JARED W. SCUDDER. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

### Drama.

RIP VAN WINKLE: FOLK-OPERA IN THREE ACTS. By PERCY MACKAYE. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.  
HELIOGABALUS: A BUFFOONERY IN THREE ACTS. By H. L. MENCKEN AND GEORGE JEAN NATHAN. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

### Juvenile.

CATTY ATKINS. By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND. New York: Harper & Brothers.

### Essays.

HITHER AND THITHER IN GERMANY. By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS. New York: Harper & Brothers.  
ESSAYS ON ART. By A. CLUTTON-BROCK. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.  
WEDDING CUSTOMS THEN AND NOW. By CARL HOLLIDAY. Boston: The Stratford Company.  
A BOOK OF BURLESQUES. By H. L. MENCKEN. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

### Writers and Writing.

STUDIES IN SPANISH-AMERICAN. By ISAAC GOLDBERG. New York: Brentano's.

### Biography.

A QUAKER RINGER'S RECOLLECTIONS. By DAVID BUSPHAM. New York: The Macmillan Company.  
HORACE TRAUBEL: HIS LIFE AND WORK. By DAVID KARSNER. New York: Egmout Arens.  
W. B. WILSON AND THE DEPARTMENT OF LABOR. By ROGER W. BASSON. New York: Brentano's.

### Versé.

CHORDS AND DISCORDS. By WALTER EVERETTE HAWKINS. Boston: Richard G. Badger.  
WAR VOICES AND MEMORIES. By CLINTON SCOLLARD. New York: James T. White & Co.

### History.

A HISTORY OF EVERYDAY THINGS IN ENGLAND: SECOND PART, 1500-1799. WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY MAJORIE AND C. H. B. QUENNEL. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

### Miscellaneous.

SOUTH: THE STORY OF SHACKLETON'S LAST EXPEDITION 1914-1917. By SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON. New York: The Macmillan Company.  
A YEAR AS A GOVERNMENT AGENT. By VIRA B. WHITEHOUSE. New York: Harper & Brothers.  
THE GROUND AND GOAL OF LIFE. By CHARLES GRAY SHAW. New York: The New York University Press.  
THE DOUGHBOY'S RELIGION AND OTHER ASPECTS OF OUR DAY. By BEN B. LINDSEY AND HARVEY O'HIGGINS. New York: Harper & Brothers.  
THE ROMANTIC ROUSSILLON IN THE FRENCH PYRENEES. By ISABEL SAVORY. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.  
REPORT OF THE CHIEF SIGNAL OFFICER TO THE SECRETARY OF WAR: 1919. Washington: Government Printing Office.  
A LITTLE GARDEN THE YEAR ROUND. By GARDNER TEALL. New York: E. P. Teall. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.  
THE CZECHS (BOHEMIANS) IN AMERICA. By THOMAS CZEPEK. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.  
CAUGHT BY THE TURKS. By CAPT. FRANCIS YEATS-BROWN. Preface by OWEN WISTER. New York: The Macmillan Company.  
EDUCATION FOR DEMOCRACY. By ALICE DAVIS. New York: The Knickerbocker Press.  
THE MESSAGE OF ANNE SIMON. Boston: Richard G. Badger.  
THE RETURN OF SHERLOCK HOLMES. By SIR A. CONAN DOYLE. Vol. 3. "Engraved in the advanced style of Pitman's Shorthand," for students thereof. New York: Isaac Pitman & Sons.  
AN INTRODUCTION TO PHILOSOPHY. By HOLLY ESTIL CUNNINGHAM. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

## More Portraits by Mr. Bradford

GAMALIEL BRADFORD possesses in a very unusual degree the power to analyze a personality and then to synthesize it with an unforgettable vitality. And evidently he early understood his own personality and its special gifts, since from the very beginning of his literary life he has spent practically all his time in portraiture. The *Union Portraits*, *Confederate Portraits*, *Portraits of Women*, and these latest, *Portraits of American Women*—there is an extraordinary range, yet each of these widely differing human beings is presented as a distinct individual.

In the present collection he is painting a group of women of the first three-quarters of the nineteenth century—all of them, as it happens, New Englanders except Frances Willard. It is a group of unique significance. For these women, Sarah Ripley, Mary Lyon, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Margaret Fuller and the others lived at a time when individuality of character in women was beginning to struggle openly against tradition. And to be "strong minded," or even your own minded, postulated self-assertion and involved opprobrium. It was not a price lightly paid. These women of eminence somehow paid it, and yet made themselves felt without the shrieks of self-assertion which seemed necessary, and perhaps were, to a later generation.

Undoubtedly the most striking thing in this line of portraits is its revelation of the painter's own personality. Only an imagination of a very special order, blessed with sympathy and perception beyond the ordinary and with a rare and subtle understanding of the human heart, could go delving among old records and musty memories and faces faint as a fading daguerreotype and make them live again. Every man understands one woman, or so he believes. But here is a man who understands all kinds equally well; Louisa May Alcott, "Duty's faithful child"; ugly featured Margaret Fuller Ossoli, astounding, revolting, pathetic in her mighty, four-square egotism; Harriet Beecher Stowe, a sort of naive literary dynamo, enjoying with simple gusto her long-lived glory; Mary Lyon, compact of mute, rugged New England granite, creating her opportunities out of the fibre of herself, conscious, as only a struggling woman of the time could be, of the sternly beautiful value of each day, each hour; and Abigail Adams, full of suppressed fire and power, devoting herself to her unappreciative John.

With each of the portraits Mr. Bradford eliminates all personal bias and is manifestly intent only on revitalizing the subject. Yet he is, after all, human, and must have his preferences and his distastes. Even these cast new light on the breadth of his imaginative comprehension and sympathy, for the two most vividly and sympathetically drawn have depths of interplanetary space between their souls. Let the summary which introduces each life illustrate their quality.

"Sarah Margaret Fuller brought the thrill of life wherever she went, though she was often only half alive herself. As a child, from 1820 to 1830, she stirred her Cambridge playmates. As a teacher and talker she stirred the transcendental circles of Boston. As a writer in New York she moved men and women with her soul more than with her pen. She went to Italy in the '40s, and the Italians loved her, and one of them made her a marchioness and a mother. Then the stormy sea engulfed her, as it did Shelley."

And of Emily Dickinson: "One who as

a child knew Emily Dickinson well and loved her much recalls her most vividly as a white, ethereal vision stepping from her cloistral solitude onto the veranda, daintily unrolling a great length of carpet before her with her foot, strolling down to where the carpet ended among her flowers, then turning back and shutting herself out of the world."

Could two beings be more dissimilar? Margaret Fuller was par excellence the intellectual type, the "ruthless analyst," driven through life as if by demons. She wrote, she taught, she talked to groups who paid to listen, she talked Emerson into silence, she talked Hawthorne into a bitter and puerile enmity of ridicule. Within was "an immense power, but I cannot bring it out." Yet Bradford perceives that this hard working, efficient, often unlovely intellectual creature was "a lover, always a lover, even from her childhood." And this combination of intellect and passion, however much it may suffer through lack of warmly emotional sympathy, has a way of profoundly stirring the human spirit. So did Margaret in her day. She had too much driving force of intellect to be measured by the usual standards of the feminine type, and such intellect usually repels and bewilders men. One must be very grateful then to Mr. Bradford for the insight and interpretation in this remarkable study of a most abnormally gifted yet most normally faulty woman.

By contrast Emily Dickinson has all the lure of a witching child. Elusive as a dream, shifting as shadows when scattered clouds drive fast and high, lovely as all beauty unpossessed, she is of the quality of moonlight and of all the unreal things of life which are so much nearer and more precious than the real. "Spirit of wonder and grace and fancy and mockery," philosopher and sprite in one. Inhale the very essence of her fragrance in one of her verses:

There is a solitude of Earth,  
A solitude of Sea,  
A solitude of Death, but these  
Society shall be  
Compared to that profounder site,  
That polar privacy.  
A soul admitted to itself,  
Finite Infinity.

And he even understands, though he most evidently would not choose her for a companion, the pious, the constructively destructive, the exemplary, the self-conscious Miss Willard. The kindness and humor with which he illuminates this character is the final proof of his mastery over himself and his technic.

It would be interesting, if there were space, to analyze the methods of this technic. But no analysis could either picture or explain the brilliance and subtlety of his genius in portraiture. M. P. A.

PORTRAITS OF AMERICAN WOMEN. By GAMALIEL BRADFORD. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

ALICE DUER MILLER, says the Harper "Gossip Sheet," has received many letters asking for the name and address of the actual school from which her "Charm School," in the story of that name, was drawn. Few of the letters have come from young girls who wanted to go and be taught to be charming with a handsome young man as school's principal. Mrs. Miller suspects that most have come from fathers with superfluous daughters. Our suspicion is that they've come from the handsome young men who want the principal's job. It was left vacant at the end of the story, if we remember rightly.

ANOTHER MERRICK NOVEL NOW READY

## The Worldlings

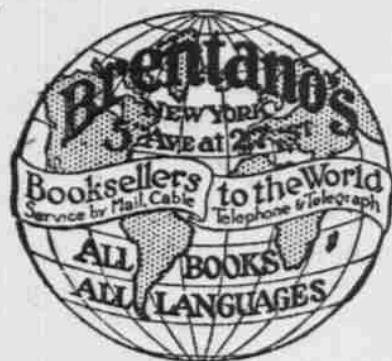
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